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## ORIGINAL POETRY.

### THOUGHT.

All sounding, secret, magic spell,  
In dark recesses hid,  
What human vision e'er did dwell  
Upon thy hidden bed?

Or what quick eye could ever trace,  
Mid worlds thy pathless way?

Or mark with wondrous ken the place  
Where thy deep wond'ring stray?

What chains bind but what prison doors  
Impede thy rapid flight?

The tempest's force that round us roars,

The fleeter wings of light?

Even time's swift pinions cannot vie,

With thy unequal'd speed,

Through realms remote, o'er regions high,

Through depths of darken'd deeps.

But thou immensur'de power,  
Unfeatur'd in thy sphere,

When struggling pangs hearken the hour  
Of dissolution here;

When life gives o'er the parting gasp,

And dust to dust is brought,

When nature yields to death's cold grasp,

Where art thou then? Oh! Thought.

JAMES.

### THE SON OF 'THE SEA.'

Son of the Sea, I love to trace

Thy path upon the wave,

And view o'er ocean's silvery face;

The sounding surges rave;

And when the whirlwinds rend the sky,

And lightnings skim the sea,

I think of what thy ship must share,

Son of the stormy sea.

I've seen the sun sink to his grave,

In ocean's rolling deep,

The stars sink in the western wave,

Where hapless heroes sleep;

I've seen in ocean's foamy flood,

The dark moon sink o'er there,

But thy sun must go down in blood,

Son of the sounding sea.

I love to view thy beauteous bark,

Bound to a foreign clime,

When like the light wing of the bark,

She skims the surge sublime;

How like the soul's trim little bosome

To dread eternity,

Art thou when from thy own shore torn

Son of the rolling sea.

And O! how like the cheating bairn,

That blindlike to man's heart,

Is due one plank which from the main

The thoughtless form drifts part;

Peace but that plank, and in the deep

On holds no hollows,

They bones must bleach in endless sleep,

Son of the stormy sea.

MILFORD BARD.

### THE IDIOT GIRL'S SONG.

They say there's a land beyond the sky,

Where tears do never flow,

Where never heard a sorrowing sigh,

Where the heart feels no pang of woes,

Or I would be there, if true they tell,

That the earth is fair, and I love it well,

Were it not for them around me;

But cruel looks they turn on me;

And they mock the idiot's misery,

And with bitter taunts they wound me.

Strange to say, she loved me, I say strange,

for what heart but of an angel could bear affection towards a being so malignant;

so horribly wicked as I! I can now recall how harshly I returned all her little acts of kindness.

She would try, by every art, to bring from me some deed of tenderness.

She would smile, and come out with some mirthful story.

She would sit down before me, and throw her delicate arms around my neck in a mood of gaiety and love.

She would flat ter me, and watch over my concerns, and anticipate my wishes, but all in vain.

My ungrateful heart refused to acknowledge her at all,

and her fondness became painful to me, and I repulsed her.

When I was stretched on a bed of sickness did her tenderness abate.

When the burning fever raged in my veins, and but a step lay between me and eternity, she attended me with more than a mother's care.

Night after night she sat watching over my couch.

I have seen her, when she little thought I so remarked, weeping in my dimly illuminated chamber, and raising her fair hands to Heaven in supplication for my recovery.

And when I did recover, who can paint the joy that lighted upon her beautiful countenance?

All saw it with delight gave one, and that was her wretched and ungrateful brother.

She had a friend named Mary Elliston, also a beautiful girl.

Their friendship had commenced in childhood, and their souls were knit closer by succeeding years.

Mary lived with us, for she was an orphan, and being originally of a respectable but unfortunate family, my father gladly adopted her as a companion to his daughter.

She was tall and elegantly made, and all her movements were full of female dignity.

Her form wanted the richness and voluptuous swell of Eliza's, but it was more airy, and, if possible, more graceful.

My sister's complexion had the brightness and bloom of mother's beauty.

Her yellow hair waved like streaks of sunshine over her temples, and her blue eyes, deep and liquid as the sapphires, were full of animation and mirth of soul.

Mary had more of the Italian cast in her countenance, which was of a darker and warmer hue.

Her hair was black and shining, and her eyes of a more delicate complexion, were full of melanctony.

Never were two lovelier beings associated together under the same roof.

Eliza was all affection, and smiles, and innocence, and she showed them on every occasion.

If she loved you, she expressed it in bright and undesign'd language.

The emotions of her soul, Mary was not more lovely, for that was impossible, but she was evidently a being of profounder and intensest feelings.

Her fervor was not so easily excited, but when once aroused it flowed in deeper channels, and its influence upon all the passions was most striking and irresistible.

I know not how it was, but this pure-minded and intellectual girl conceived for me a strong affection.

God knows, there was little made its appearance in London. It is

entitled "Evenings in Greece," the poetry by

Thomas Moore, the Music composed and selected

by H. B. Bishop, and Mr. Moore. It is spoken of

in the most exalted terms by the critics. The following are extracts—

### THE TWO FOUNTAINS.

I saw, from yonder silent cave,

Two fountains running side by side,

The one was Memory's limpid wave,

The other cold oblivion's tide.

"Oh! Love!" said I, in thoughtless dream,

As over my lips the Lethe pass'd,

Here in that dark and chilly stream,

Be all my pain forgot at last."

But who could bear that gloomy bane,

Whereto was lost as well as pain?

Quickly the Mem'ry's fountain drank

And brought the past all back again;

And said "Oh! Love!" whatever my lot,

Still let this soul to thee be true—

Rather than have one bliss forgot,

Be all my pains remembered too."

From the Liverpool Albion, Aug. 29.

### CONFESSIONS

#### OF AN UNEXECUTED FEMICIDE.

A deeply affecting narrative, under the above title has just issued from the Glasgow press. It is dedicated to the will of William M. Esq. of the county of Stirling, Scotland, "for the purpose of deterring others" from the commission of a similar sin, by the thought, that if they escape the punishment of the law, they are sure to meet with that of a racked and harassed conscience." The Confessions are powerfully written and seldom have we read a more touching narrative than that which is contained in the work before us. We insert an extract from the first part of the Confessions:

"Twice-yesterdays, and the vision still haunts me! Yes, it is faint, but since I perpetrated that crime which has poisoned my existence, and thrown over it a cloud of unutterable sorrow. All other crimes may sleep, but iniquity like mine never can. The worm that does not prey upon my heart: I am the victim of remorse."

"My house stood in the midst of a plantation of pine and pine. Its situation was considered romantic by those who had an eye for the beauties of nature, but such I never had. It was a large isolated building, white and airy in its appearance, and decorated in front with a portico of four Ionic pillars. Before the door was a plot of green ground, bordered with flowers, and in the centre of this a fountain of clear water. Behind the mansion house there was a spacious garden, and about fifty yards to the right flowed a little river, murmuring among rocks, and shaded over by the boughs of the birch and chestnut tree."

"Few places were so retired and beautiful, and here, if my miserable tone of mind had permitted, I must have been happy. I had no companion but an only sister, and Heaven assuredly never formed two beings so completely different as we. Poor Eliza, she was, beautifully proportioned, and graceful in her movements, beyond even the most gifted of her sex; her light and airy form, her blue, deep blue eye, her lip ever crossed with smile, and her complexion clear as heaven itself. Of all these things I could speak, but it avails not. They are gone, and nothing save their remembrance remains behind. Memory may do much to hallow even the divinest beauty, and imagination may touch with more delicate hues what the former brings up from the depths of time, but their fairy power were useless here. My sister had a form and a mind which never yet exceeded, even in her brightest dreams."

"About this time a young lady of considerable fortune came to reside in our part of the country. She was rich, and I considered that now or never had an opportunity occurred of gratifying my passion on money. My situation in life was well known, and I was cordially received as a visitor into her mother's house. I endeavored to make myself as agreeable as possible, and in a short time had the satisfaction of thinking that I was listened to with an unfavourable ear. There was only one bar that stood in the way, and this was Mary Elliston. My faith was plighted to her in the most solemn manner; and I well knew that if this reached the ears of my new mistress, my prospect in that quarter were at an end. Besides, Mary was now in that state which rendered her misconduct palpable to all eyes. No one as yet knew the author of her misery, but he could not remain concealed much longer; and his name once mentioned would sink him to infamy and degradation. I cared little for exposure, on the score of honor or virtue, but I dreading it on that of self-interest. Let me get possession of my object, let her wealth be once fairly secured in my hand, and my shame, for ought I cared, might be trumped to the uttermost ends of the earth. But till then, till that decisive moment, it behoved me to take all that I could get, and then to fly."

"I had no evil report might injure my reputation till that time, I had Mary sent off about tea-mills to a small country house on the banks of the Firth. There the sorrows of the world peace, the first attempt at

that of parting of the four sets, in Pennsylvania. The does not lightly finished, as may be easily supposed, were engraved by Edward Duffield, of Philadelphia, and cost fifteen pounds. At that time the cost price was unknown in this country, the dues were cut on blockade fixed by a stroke of the pen, and the impressions made by the stroke of a steel hammer."—p. 50.

mentpiece. It had been in the family for ages. I put it in my pocket, almost unknowing what I had, and descended with portentous speed. Eliza met me as I was going out. She put her slender arm in mine, and requested me, with a voice of melting tenderness, to stay at home, for that I was evidently very unwell. With brutal violence I pushed her aside and rushed into the open air.

The evening was fair, beautifully fair. The sun was sinking down gloriously, and, mellowing nature over with his last depicting beams, but I remarked it not. I saw nothing; I heard nothing. A tumult was in my heart; my ears were stunned, and I hurried over the earth with reckless steps. Night came down, and I found myself at Mary's door. I entered, but she was not within. She had gone out to walk by the banks of the Firth.

I went to find her. Her lovely and interesting form was seated upon a rock which overlooked the stream. When I came up, she was in tears; but she threw her arms around me, and kissed me with an unspeakable fondness. How romantic was the scene! O! how unfit for a dead of villain! The moon was up in the vault of heaven. The firmament was silent over her, with the stars looking down upon her. The Indian made his escape, the others endured great hardships in their marsh through the wilderness to Niagara, where they arrived about a month after their captivity. On the 25th of May, Benjamin Gilbert and his wife, and their eldest son were surrendered by the Indians to Col. Johnson, a British officer at Niagara. The release of the commandant of the family was afterwards effected by special order issued by General Haldimand of Quebec, though some of them were held several months longer.

On the 26th of September, 1783, he was released, and in the same manner. The Indians, consisting of 15 persons, including a hired German, and a neighbour's daughter, who came to the mill that morning with a gun. Ten days after his return, he was again captured by the Indians, and held in confinement for a month.

On the 26th of September, 1784, he was released, and in the same manner. The Indians, consisting of 15 persons, including a hired German, and a neighbour's daughter, who came to the mill that morning with a gun. Ten days after his return, he was again captured by the Indians, and held in confinement for a month.

On the 26th of September, 1785, he was released, and in the same manner.

On the 26th of September, 1786, he was released, and in the same manner.





